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THE INNER LIFE.

Wherefore go ye forth to seek that which is within? Wherefore look for dawn upon the Eastern sky rather than upon the lintels of the heart? Behold the truth, forever new, yet ancient as the days. Folded within the heart of man the mystery lies,—the mystery of life and immortality.

Seek there the Path, oh! disciple, and thus the Inner Life is found. I marvel only that you have not found it sooner, so often have you thought upon it, so often have its power and beauty been explained. Is it that the eyes are blinded by material life, the ears still deafened with its clamor, so that the things of spirit are sensed as from afar, and mingled with the tumult of the senses nearer by?

Lo! the soul though stirring in its sleep, still slumbers on. But the guardians stand and watch, their torches lighted, for the hour must strike, to each soul the moment of awakening come.

Yet there are those who long to haste that hour, seeing the sorrow and the pain of life, and whose ringing words of reveille vibrate through the centuries and stir to-day to quicker pulsing some of these same sleeping hearts. For the inner life is there; and living only is, for those who know it.

CAVÉ.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION OF HOPEFULNESS.

Perhaps there is nothing more indicative of the altruistic desires of a people than the forlorn hopes that are led to do battle with existing conditions. They are marshalled out so bravely; they have such a swing and such youthful gayety; they outstrip the slow philosophers, wise with their own failures, with such ingenuous pride. Had the people no insatiate hope of perfect things, no unquenched longing for the dawn of a golden age, these forlorn hopes would never be led to battle and there would be no wrecks of them strewn along the way of mistaken endeavour.

Such marvels have been worked by the race that, as each new banner is swung to the breeze, the people watch with deep interest. "This may succeed," they seem to say. "Here at last may be the dawn of the Golden Age. Let us join them. All is possible to pure hearts." These are the few. The race at large seems to possess a hidden understanding which warns them, "The dawn of the Golden Age is not yet at hand." And still it is good to know that a forlorn hope will find its leader and its warriors, for that is the test of a race.

But, at times, a movement surges up from strange depths of the people's hearts which can be seen to beat against the pitiless motion of the Universe. And that is sorrowful. It means broken hearts and broken faith and ill-placed sacrifice. The world moves over the obstruction like a juggernaut and there is nothing left. Such a movement can be seen and felt from afar and many know its meaning and its end when first they see it, not because they are overwise, but because their powers of reason are alive at that time.—No man has his reason always.

Just such a forlorn hope seems on the way. There are leaders and there will be men to be led, and this is part of what is proposed. It would be glorious if it did not happen to be in countermotion to the world.

It is proposed to unite all the reform movements of the United States. Yet, since the world began, reformers have been separatists, men crying alone in the wilderness.

It is planned to unite in close bond, under the same roof, a political party and an esoteric school of occultism. Yet, by the constitution of heaven and earth, neither can ever understand the other. One is the knowing of God; the other is a fitting of man to conditions produced by his fathers, a constant compromise between bad

and a little less bad. The whole scale of man's evolution separates the two.

Again, it is claimed—and most direfully—that, if we all do not seize this opportunity and inaugurate this movement, the world will crumble literally away and will continue for ages to shower itself meteor-like upon other planets. And yet, by all knowledge, both scientific and mystical, we have progressed but half way along the chain of races destined to evolve with and on this earth. It would be a fine pyrotechnic show. But the Gods have much to do yet and the earth also has something to do before she can disintegrate herself in this soulful, heart-breaking manner.

What is the immediate goal of the political party? Nothing less than the placing of an occultist or a Master in the Presidential chair of these United States. The nursery rhyme sings in one's ears, "And what to do there, my pretty maid"? It seems to have been forgotten that the President is only an executive and is not the ruler of an absolute monarchy. He is powerless in the hands of Congress when Congress is not in sympathy with him. Will Congress be tipped out and will the White Lodge be seated in its place? And to what end? Will the people be better for an alien executive who knows not of their ways? For the Master does not exist who could serve both His will and theirs. He must serve one or the other and wrong either them or Himself. And what of the Master juggled into the President's chair? Surely there are deeper concerns for Him; there is a silent way for more efficatious, the way of men's hearts, the subtle way of men's thoughts, a way slow but sure and endless. And what of the race? Is its innate power of development gone that it will be better for the outside guidance of a nurse? For we must remember that the Master stands to the people as the wise, patient nurse is to an infant.

It is proposed by one "master-stroke" to usher in the Golden Age. And yet no race assimilates more than two or three ideals in a century and no race assimilates through all its individuals at once.

This is a skeleton of the movement. You can see it ride full tilt in the world's hoary lists against the slow, unerring advance of the kingly evolution of the race.

I do not draw attention to the new movement with any thought of ridicule or with any question of its good faith, but I would show the necessity of careful thought and heedful comparison of the proposed work (which is both large and difficult under the best condi-

tions) with the laws of nature to determine whether they are in accord. The fact is so well recognized that it is trite to say that nothing can succeed that runs counter to those laws, no matter how stupendous the human effort may be supporting it.

Is it not well to recognize the grandeur of the still, natural growth of the people, to grow with it and help in it in those ways chosen by the race with an inner knowledge deeper than we can understand? Is it not equal folly to attempt to force upon the people a sudden burst of perfection? In our age a man requires a lifetime for the mastering of a few stray faults. Of what use then to talk of the dawn of a Golden Age now?

That Dawn stands waiting at the gate of every man's life, but he alone knows it and he can walk into its sunlight only alone and in secret, for it is the Soul's life into which no company of men can be admitted, the thing which no man knows of another. How then can this be dragged into the presence of any combination of men and made a social property?

These friends who mean so well, tell us that there is nothing in the name which a movement has born throughout its natural life. If that is so, why do they seek to change it? If it is because the noble word Theo-sophia has been bandied about through the fault of its followers, would it not be a finer thing to pick up the standard from the dust and raise it to the winds of heaven, let the rain kiss away its stains and the sun bring out its glory?

Why enter within a temple when the stars are waiting without. Why take a man-made symbol when a heavenly one is so near.

Enlargement? The ways are wide and free under the sky of Divine Wisdom. They are bounded within no temple walls. No square holds them; no architect is needed to build the sanctuary; each man builds within his own soul and all may combine in all outward ways that go the way the evolution of man proceeds. But the man does not live who can carry his standard far against the current of that evolution. Neither does the man live who can forcibly hasten it. Yet it is proposed to bring the perfected evolution of man to rapid flower through the agency of a School of Occultism united to a Political Party!

E. H. C.

THE LAND OF PEACOCKS.

*By H. P. Blavatsky.**

Bhurtpoor, once a little kingdom with little kings and queens of its own has nothing to boast of nowadays, except its gardens, planned and kept up as artificially as the gardens of queen Semiramis. There is no Resident in Bhurtpoor, no British official of any kind. And accordingly, the Rajah is very proud of his independence. But suppose a prisoner, surrounded by soldiers on all sides—what would be the use of an especially appointed sentinel? Agra, Jeypoor and Ulwar close in little Bhurtpoor hermetically.

The Rajah and 99 per cent of the inhabitants are Jats. Seventy-seven by fifty miles of land contain 700,000 of them, four-sevenths of whom "brahman it", plunged most of their lives in a semi-lithargic sleep or else taking part in religious processions and pilgrimages. As to the remaining three-sevenths, they spend their time carrying water on their shoulders to irrigate the country, for the lakes are not very large and except in them not a drop of water is to be found throughout the kingdom.

In spite of their utter destitution they live peacefully and even happily in their *Land of Peacocks*—the Bharata valley alone counts 6,000 of these sacred birds—and look down on the Mahrattas and even the Rajputs with a proud conceit worthy of a Spanish Hidalgo.

Under the beneficent rule of England (which is a stereotyped expression) the greater part of Rajastan has hopelessly mixed up the pure Rajputs and the Jats. The *Thakurs* of the former and the Zemindars of the latter nowadays enjoy the same privileges, or rather enjoy no privileges, except the usual rights of common landowners over their own land. But unerring public opinion has dug an impassible chasm between the two; a wealthy Jat is another high handed, unscrupulous, robbing feudal baron of the Dark Ages; but a Rajput Thakur is a *chevalier sans peur ni reproche* in the full sense of the expression. Placed in a dependent and humiliating position by British rule, they live in utter seclusion amongst their retainers and families, seldom leaving their villages, in some cases their castles.

The English cast a covetous eye on the Land of Peacocks, with its rich salt lakes, ever since 1805, but it fell before their fourth onslaught only in 1826. According to the antiquated tutor of the

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* Translated from the Russian by Vera Jelihovsky Johnston.

present Rajah, the responsibility lies entirely with the god Krishna, patron of the metropolis.

It was like this. During the first seige the native soldiers who served in the British ranks, swore they saw Krishna soaring over the city "bow, arrows, concha and all". So they retreated. But in 1826 the deity was remiss, and Bhurtpoor fell.

Spending a few days with a true Jat is like reading fairy tales night and day incessantly. At every step you come across some shrine, with a legend of its own, in which noble warriors and princes, gods and their consorts are chief actors, and whose moral always rewards virtue and punishes wickedness, just as in Perault's fable.

"Do you see the crumbled fortress wall, there, on the rampart?" we were asked by the envoy of the Dewan. "Do you see the huge tree with the golden flowers?"

The metropolis was not far off and enormous heaps of rubbish rose before us, the debris of the once celebrated fortifications. The city spread behind them a mere accumulation of miserable huts in a crowded and breathless hole. On the terraces of the dwellings there stood hideous idols, and peacocks walked amongst them, their thousand-eyed tails shining in the rays of the setting sun.

We said we did see both the rampart and the flowering tree.

"Anything remarkable about that tree?" inquired the Colonel.

"Nothing now!" sighed the official. "But nevertheless, the yellow gold of the aromatic blossoms which cluster on the tree, is more than merely a pretty sight. In fact these innumerable chalices are all tears of Krishna. When Lord Krishna saw the English crossing the ditch that surrounds the city, in despair he dropped his weapons and immediately that tree grew on the spot. Then he cried, and every tear became a sweet-scented flower."

"The god would have done better to wring the necks of the enemy," blasphemed our Babu.

A young Rajput who escorted us on horseback raised reproachful gazelle-like eyes to the speaker's face.

"You are a Bengali and probably a *Nastika*", he said.

"Not exactly", answered the Babu, wincing a little under the disapproval of Narayan's stare. "I belong to another set of unbelievers; I am a Charvaka. I mean I was a Charvaka. Now I am a theosophist and believe in whatever our president instructs me to believe."

We laughed, trying to make light of the whole matter. But the most religious of our party were obviously depressed by the jocose remarks of the boy. Luckily it was for him, that the Thakur Gulab-Lal-Sing was absent. He had disappeared, as was usual with him, after having seen to our comfort and safety.

In our days there remain no traces of the ancient Bhurtpoor built by the legendary Bharata. The present capitol stands on ruins, and is hardly more than a century old. The palace of the Maharajahs stands half smothered by a veil of creepers, as if ashamed of its wretched modern appearance. It bristles with cupolas and delapidated towers, and there is many a gap on the flat roofs of the old fortress. The mixture of styles in its architecture is incredible.

Having passed under several vaulted gateways in the crumbling walls, with watchmen peacefully asleep or enjoying a smoke, we approached the palace. We were to enter an inhabited abode of an Indian potentate for the first time since our arrival in the country, and we felt as if about to behold something, the beauty of which was fairy-like and passed description.

Our disappointment was complete!

Imagine an enormous building, with no end of galleries and verandahs, towers and turrets, stairways and passages. The whole of it was mouldy and black with dust and soot, unkempt and grim. Inside endless rows of rooms, most of them with no definite destination, but from the great hall where the *durbar* receptions are held, to the last garret under the roof, all of them presenting the likeness of a lumber room. Everywhere carpetless stone floors, uneven and unswept, probably since the departure of the Rajah, who was away on a pilgrimage to Hardwar. At any rate, our every step raised such clouds of dust that we sneezed and coughed. Everywhere piles of useless, half-broken furniture. Armchairs and sofas of all kinds and epochs, once heavily gilded and upholstered with costly materials, now pealing off, threadbare and faded. On the walls huge mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling, moving pictures with music boxes inside and a profusion of Swiss cuckoo clocks—in one room we counted eight of them. A rosewood library case, heavily ornamented with slabs of crystal and costly carvings, and on its shelves six or seven sixpenny novels, with torn covers. But above all, any amount of ladies' pier glasses, placed in rows, as if for sale, but so neglected and mildewed, as to have degenerated into

regular geographical maps of unknown worlds. Our reflections were so distorted by them, that we could almost think they were making faces at us by way of greeting.

This is what we found in the palace of our Indian potentate! A sprightly long-bearded Jat, who was to pilot us through the royal apartments, had evidently detected a total absence of delight and admiration on our faces, and probably resolved to make us change our minds, he offered to take us to some mysterious *secret* room. The old tutor of the Rajah had to open it, at this man's order, which he did, turning a wondrous key in a wondrous lock, which both had a secret and played music. The place was hung over with pictures of undoubted French origin and also of undoubted indecency.

Colonel O. repressed an oath. As to poor Narayan, he rushed out of the room and relieved his chaste heart by a torrent of fiery words, of which we did not understand a syllable, but which obviously damped the high spirits of him with the beard. He hastily shut the door and said he saw no grounds for our indignation: all the white foreigners, a good many bara-sahibs (great gentlemen), and also some mem-sahibs (ladies), had inspected this "museum" and always left it with merry laughter.

In order to be just, I must state here that the Maharajah does not inhabit his "royal" apartments. They are destined entirely for the delectation of white visitors. He lives in the "Zenana", the residence of his wives, who number half-a-dozen or so.

Unfortunately for the country, the Indian princes show no example of virtue to the populace. Rajahs, big and small, are all polygamists, though for the rest of the Indian world, from the highest Brahman to the last coolie, one wife is a strict rule. Partly it is so, because the potentates live out of caste so to speak, as most of them have never had a caste.

Gwalior, Baroda and Indore are said to have had for the heads of their reigning dynasties a shepherd, a waiter and a royal bastard. Similar examples were pointed to us in profusion amongst Hindu royalty. But the potentates of Musulman origin, it appears, are one and all descended from Fatima, daughter of the Prophet, on the male line. As to the female line, Mohamet's favorite *mare* is said to stand at the head of it, though to me the natural evolution in this instance, is not quite clear. Of course, there are exceptions. For

instance, the Maharana of Oodeypore in Rajputana dates right from Adam, without exaggeration—and, mind you, I don't say it merely for the fun of the thing. The genealogy of this royal house, as accepted and approved of by the British government, at any rate, points to Ikshwaku, son of Manu, the great law-giver of mythical Aryavarta, as the first of these Maharanas. And Ikshwaku was born in 2225 B. C. It would be safe to bet that Europe can boast of no older family.

In the meantime, we were getting a little tired of inspecting the palace of the Rajah of Bhurtpoor. Throughout it all, dust, dirt, absence of taste, neglect and decrepitude.

"What an old curiosity shop!" grumbled the Colonel, who was still upset by the incident of the "secret" room. "Are not you sick of all this bric-a-brac?"

He yawned and, turning to our Hindu companions, inquired:

"Narayan, Mulji, where is the Thakur Sahib gone to?"

"The Maha-Sahib never enters the palace of the Rajah of Bhurtpoor," whispered Narayan. "He has gone on to Digue and is expecting us to be there in time for early breakfast."

"So," drawled the Colonel, and after having examined a Chinese statuette with a broken nose for a few minutes, he resumed the subject. "Well, I suppose we may consider our evening as lost, in this case. And Narayan, my good fellow, why is it that the Thakur-Sahib avoids the—the dwelling of the local Rajah?"

I saw that our Mahratta friend felt ill at ease.

"I have no right", he answered, after a silence, "to discuss private affairs, especially the affairs of the Maha-sahib."

Nothing daunted, the Colonel addressed the same question to the Rajah's ancient tutor, who crawled after us surrounded by retainers with bunches of keys. At first the confusion of the venerable Jat seemed still greater than Narayan's. Then with the skill of a true old courtier, he suddenly became aware that the sun had already set, that it was getting late and that the "incarnations of virtue" and "protectors of the poor"—meaning us—had better seek rest in the private rooms awaiting them.

That was all our poor president got for his pains.

We were conveyed to an outhouse, which communicated with the main building by a covered gallery, where, as in the palace, we saw a perfectly hopeless jumble of furniture, in which comfortless straight backed armchairs, importations of the late East India Co. manifestly turned up their noses at Indian stools and teapoys of

local carving—the struggle of the higher and lower races in the realm of *nature morte*. And though it was evident that some trouble had been taken to make everything clean and tidy for us, it seemed to me I actually saw a tuft of grass thriving in a recess of a billiard table. What interested us more was a collection of family portraits in oils, life size. Unfortunately side by side there hung cheap English oleographs: lords and ladies mounted on purple horses, hunting with pink dogs. One of the oleographs was especially absurd. It represented sweet maidens engaged in a skating tournament, their light blue boots and stockings, exposed by the playful wind—judging by the looks, their calves weighed at least forty pounds each—and with their noses buried in their muffs.

As a contrast, there stood leaning against the same wall a native picture of Delhi workmanship. I caught a glimpse of an Oordoo inscription in gold, perhaps a verse of the Koran or some other legend; also I noticed some three or four score richly clad Indians obsequiously bowed before a solitary seated figure. I concluded that it represented some *durbar*, council or reception of some Indian prince.

The picture was large enough; at least a square yard in size. But the primitive cocoanut oil lamp was hung so high under the ceiling, and was so blown about by the draught, that, perhaps, it was no wonder the Colonel and I paid so little attention to the picture, at least, at first.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

Edited by Charles Johnston.

"NOT UNTO US."

"All of life, throughout all the world, is to be the dwelling-place of the King; by renouncing life thou shalt possess it, nor envy any man his wealth.

"Working here in the world, and accomplishing all works, a man should be willing to live a hundred ages; this shall be the law for thee also, and no other; nor does work smirch the soul.

"There are realms where no sunlight comes, in blind darkness enwrapped; to this darkeness they go forth, whatsoever creatures thwart the Soul.

"The One unmoving is swifter than thought, nor did the powers reach it, for it outstripped them; standing, this outspeeds the others running; in it the Great Breath sets the waters.

"This moves, yet moves not; it is afar, yet near; it is in the heart of all that is, yet it is outside all things.

"He who comes to see all creatures in the Soul, and sees the Soul within all beings, no longer shrinks back from the Soul in fear.

"When all beings have become the Soul for the seer, then what delusion remains, or what sorrow, for him beholding the One Life?

"He encircled the shining life, the bodiless, woundless, frameless, the pure and faultless life. He, the Poet of the world, the wise Seer who holds all things, the Self-being: He ordained all things wisely throughout immortal ages."

The Ritual of Initiation.

These are the opening verses of a hymn whose position among the Books of Wisdom is specially significant. It stands at the turning point of the path, closing the old, and ushering in the new. Its words might well stand engraved over the doorway leading from the lesser to the greater Mysteries, and in truth it forms part of the ritual of admission into them.

The difference between the lesser and the greater Mysteries is clearly marked everywhere throughout the books of Wisdom; and it is one which we can easily understand. More than that, on our understanding it, and making it effective in our own lives and wills, depends our power to take that last step over the threshold, which at this moment lies immediately before us, and the taking of which will give us entry into the house of life.

The lesser Mysteries are to instruct the mind and imagination, every power of the individual soul; to raise and illumine the heart and will, till the whole personal nature, the whole conscious habitual self is brought into harmony with the great brooding Life which overshadows it. When the lesser Mysteries are learned, a man can say: I am master of the teaching; I have learned all that there was for me to learn; I have purified my will from desire; all my life is lived in harmony with the better law; what then remains to be done?

There remains this,—and it is the most tremendous and vital truth in life: the time has come for the personal soul to give place altogether to the Soul; the time has come for the great invocation, the answer to which is Initiation; an entry into the hall of the immortals. The Oversoul is to descend and dwell within the body, in place of the personal soul; henceforth, the personal soul is no longer

lord within the dwelling, but must speak the words, and do the works of another; and that other, the hidden divinity who was before the beginning of the worlds.

This is the last struggle, the last offering laid on the altar; and it would be vain to think this battle can be won with less than the valor of the immortals. It is the deed of the will which demands the highest courage ever called for from the heart of man. For his heart must open to the infinite heart of being; his will submit to the immemorial will; his selfhood sink in the eternal Self; his very soul lose itself in the everlasting Soul. Thenceforth, he is no longer a man among men, but one of the immortals, strong with an infinite strength, gentle with boundless pity, glad with an undying joy. The Soul works through him, that ancient poet of the world, who throughout ages has ordained all things well.

So clear is it that this last step is a sacrifice, a deed calling for divine courage and will, that, in the great drama of the Mysteries which has overshadowed the last two milleniums, it has for its symbol the Crucifixon. The soul at the august threshold is shrouded in the gloom of dark Gethsemane; the symbols of the offering are the crown of thorns, the scourge, the nails, the spear.

But for us, and for the age that is to come, that symbol is no longer valid; the great secret will come to us, not in weakness, but in power; not in fear but in valor; and we shall see, not death, but the rising from the dead. Yet the hour will come for us, which has come for all the immortal company of those who have gone before; and we shall be well advised to prepare for it in the silence and the darkness, in which great destiny decrees that our eyes shall be made ready for the dawn. We have reached the utmost limit of the path of mortal life; we stand before the door, wide open, though hidden from us in gloom. Henceforth, two ways alone are open to us: to go boldly forward, or ignominiously to retreat, and through vileness make the great betrayal. This is the choice we have brought upon ourselves, by advancing thus far, and now there is no possibility of withdrawing from the choice or further delaying the day of fate. Events will hurry forward to meet us; the stillness will suddenly become vocal with voices; the darkness that seemed to shut us in, will grow alive with human souls.

We must advance, or we must retreat. There is no halting any longer possible; and across that threshold no man has ever yet carried his own will, his own personal self, his separate and isolated be-

ing; that must be left at the hither side of the door; nothing can enter but that in us which is of the eternal Soul.

Here are some of the conditions which surround this last battle for immortality: there must be a certain weariness of life, and yet withal a firm and resolute will. The weariness of weakness is of no avail; the sad return from life that comes of failure will not profit here. It is rather a sense that this old game of human life, as we have played it, is played out; that we know the moves, have tested the value of the stakes; have been winners and losers so often that we find no pleasure in the one event, nor are greatly cast down by the other. This better world-weariness is rather a kind of perplexity in the face of life, a sense that we have done what we could, and been always foiled; that the real life has all along eluded our grasp; that while we played the rules, they were not the real rules, nor that the real game. We were fighting, not with swords, but with buttoned foils.

Therefore within our weariness there must be a vast reserve of will; a strength tainted by no unconquered flaw of lust or fear. We must have saved the best of ourselves, even without knowing it; we must have full reserves of valor, for great work lies before us. Perhaps we may gain some idea of this mood of perplexed weariness, by picturing ourselves as advancing on the path, among endless difficulties, through gathering gloom; and, instead of the hoped-for goal, finding ourselves confronted at last with a blind wall, no entry being visible, nor any further possibility of advance. As we turn our backs on it, full of doubts and misgiving, a door is suddenly opened behind us, and the light streams through to us from the immortal light.

We must be very well done with hopes or fears for our human life, before we can see the light that comes to us from that long hidden doorway. Then again a second quality is needed: we must be very ready to give up our own wills, our own conception, formed before, of what we expect from the remainder of our life, and our whole future. We might as well try to form a picture of the sunrise, from long study of a smoky lamp. We must have no reservations; we must make no bargains with the Soul, nor seek to impose our notions upon the Most High. It is everything or nothing, in this last throw of life; and we must not think too anxiously of insurance in case of failure. For that is to court failure, and to invoke; not the radiance, but the shadows of the night. The great Soul is to enter into us, to make his dwelling-place in our souls; and

we must fain leave the rest to the Soul. And this assurance may once again be given, which has been given so many times before: that so far from really weakening our hold on human life, and leaving us at life's mercy, the great change, when it passes over us, will fill us with strength, so that only after the lesson shall we realize how great, how boundless are our powers, even the powers that handle daily life. And further, no detriment can come to anyone through our sacrifice; rather, only after that sacrifice, shall we gain the power to help any human soul.

So we must give up our future; we must understand that we, the benevolent personal selves, who filled such generous spaces in our own horizons, have no longer any future at all; there will be no reward for us, no purpose, no goal, no hope or consolation; for we shall have lost ourselves, to find that better Life whose least act is a benediction. And among the misty visions that we shall give up, this also stands: the thought that, by any contriving, we are to save the world; to bring spiritual blessings to this and future ages. Only the immortals can do that, and we are not yet of the company of the immortals. When we have been admitted into that august company, we shall have time enough to consider what was the signal benefit we purposed to confer on our fellow men.

And last of all comes courage. Without that, we shall be nowhere on the great day. We must have the certain knowledge that there is divinity, that there are life-giving powers, that there is a sea of life; we must have firm faith in the Soul, otherwise we shall never make the surrender, never dare to utter that tremendous invocation. Yet even with high valor and firm faith, we cannot see the goal beforehand. We must pass through the darkness, before we see the light. We must lose our lives, to win them.

It is ordained by the law that at the hour of trial each one of us must stand alone. In the final choice, no god may help us, no devil hinder us. For all we can see, we are making the great renunciation for the first time since the dawning of the world. We must descend in utter solitude into the valley of the shadow. Therefore that law which works in smallest things, as in the greatest, has brought it to pass that for a long time we have heard no clear voice from behind the veil, seen no certain leading from those who have reached the other side. And, as time shortens the days of fate, that silence will grow greater, our loneliness will be more complete. And when we realize the purpose of it, we shall thank the gods that this was so. For thus only, through the darkness, could our eyes be

made ready for that light which no mortal yet beheld—for to see it is to become immortal; only thus, in the silence, could our ears be attuned to hear the infinite song of life.

All that has been said of our past progress, and of the path we have already passed, is true, and yet a part only of the truth. We stand as the first fruits of ages of effort and sacrifice, ages of toil. And that toil was our own and others'. Not one of us, but has again and again come close to the heart of the secret, wearing the ground round the doorway with often returning steps. From many lives in many lands, we may draw strength for this our final victory. And victory it shall be. We shall cross the threshold. We shall invoke the Soul, and enter the immortal gateway; and thenceforth we shall live as the artificers and craftsmen of the Soul. The power that made the worlds shall dwell in us in present divinity; and then only shall we know what power means. The wisdom that guided all things shall outshine our human light, and then only shall we know what radiance can flood the heart of man. The Self of all beings shall abide with us; then only shall we be ready for the revelation of our own divinity, and the living divinity of our other selves.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Question 132. *(Continued.)*

Mary Williams.—The Eye Doctrine is the knowledge of effects. The Heart Doctrine is the knowledge of causes. The present civilization—a very frothy scum on the surface of our Life-Wave—is saturated with the Eye Doctrine. There are hundreds of thousands of earnest men and women and hundreds of well intentioned organizations valiantly working away at effects. Their method is to produce other effects, hoping that the one will counteract the other. Time will teach them better. But there are some who have realized that "the ripple of effect, as the great tidal wave," must "run its course." These seek the cause and having found it deal with that alone. The Eye Doctrine may readily be recognized by the sensationalism which invariably accompanies it. Well known tricks are used by the Eye devotees to work up the necessary enthusiasm—a kind of explosive force liberated by psychic drunkeness. The emotions constitute its field of

action. It is the doctrine for the crowd. The Heart Doctrine on the other hand demands the complete absence of sensationalism in every form. Effects, results, it disregards. Only when the mind is so disciplined that it is blind, deaf, and unfeeling to all save the real nature of the object or event it is contemplating, and only when it has gained the power to separate the thing itself from the shadows it casts, can the Doctrine of the Heart be known. The Soul is its field of action and "the dauntless energy that fights its way to the supernal *Truth* out of the mire of lies terrestrial" is the only force that avails in its service. This doctrine is not for the crowd.

E. M. Judge.—It was this difference between the Eye Doctrine and the Heart Doctrine that Jesus referred to when he said to his deciples, "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." In all religions there has grown a great gulf of separation between the outward forms, and the inner truth, which these forms stand for. Because it is so much easier for us to live by sight than faith, and the strong aptitude of all or most human beings to rest on some one else, the words of the priest and the forms substituted, have been accepted, until finally they have seemed all that was necessary, and the life has departed, leaving but the empty ceremony. In our own Society, with all our talk of having "no creeds," and of living the life, we have seen the same thing happen. We have spent much time in studying various books, and understanding the meanings of many Sanskrit words, but of the "Heart Doctrine," that "Spirit which maketh alive," how much of it have we in us?

In all ancient faiths a distinction was made between what was given to the people and what reserved for the few. The two schools of Buddhism being called respectively the Esoteric or Heart, the Exoteric or eye, the former bearing the truth itself. As we hold our physical heart to be the seat of our life, and we speak of our innermost feelings and desires as coming from our hearts, the Heart Doctrine must be behind, else, as in *The Two Paths,* we have but husks. When the disciple asked what must he do to gain perfection, the answer came, "Before thou takest thy first step, learn to discern the real from the false, the ever-fleeting from the everlasting. Learn above all to separate Head-learning from Soul-wisdom, the "Eye" from the "Heart Doctrine."

Allàn.—It seems to be not only one of method, but of purpose. The "Eye Doctrine" is not in *itself* bad, for it leads many through paths of virture to Karmic merit. Yet, its devotee knows

nothing of the supernal heights which the follower of the "Heart Doctrine" may scale. Here is the gulf between them.

By one, the traveller *sees* reward awaiting him—Nirvanic rest—For this he labors and for merit that shall sooner lead him there. Thus deep within his purpose in observance of each duty and obligation, hides just so much of *Self*.

But the "Heart Doctrine," waking in the soul the throbbing pulse of human struggle and aspiration, leads its neophyte through endless paths of self-sacrifice and pain; the one reward he seeks is, that he may work, and work, and learn; by this much to ease the great Human Karmic load. He has no time nor wish for Nirvana's dreams of bliss; his greatest joy is that of others; nor will he rest until with all his brothers he may pass as One into that "Great Peace" which comes with the closing of *all* Karmic counts. Thus his is the *fuller* realization.

Charles Eastman.—The Eye Doctrine, which is founded on nothing more than the experiences of the personality, can teach us of things external only, and is therefore ever changing as evolution proceeds. It may contain knowledge but it is more liable, through taking shadows cast by the past as real, to lead us from the truth. Seeing things from the material stand-point it fails to recognize the spirit back of all manifestation.

The Heart Doctrine having its foundation in the spiritual contains both absolute knowledge and wisdom and can never change. Throughout the ages it has shown forth, lighting the path by which man can regain his spiritual inheritance, lost on his descent into matter.

The Heart Doctrine is ever being given forth, it remains for us to recognize it and see that it does not fall on stony ground. It runs as the vitility, through all religions, past and present, whether as taught by Moses, Buddha, Christ or any other spiritual teacher. If we could but be pure in mind and body, so that we might enter into our own hearts and listen to the Voice of the Silence, we would hear the Heart Doctrine in all its purity and strength.

Question 133.

Is marriage compatible with the highest spiritual attainments?

Suggon.—I should say, No! A very slight acquaintance with our Theosophical literature shows what is evidently a marked dis-

inclination upon the part of the adepts and other authorities to discuss this question; and in this day and generation, when the ideas current on the subject of marriage and the relations of the sexes are so mistaken and confused, it would seem to be entirely reasonable that there should be this reluctance to discuss a problem that will surely be misunderstood.

We can draw our own inferences from what has been said, however, and these are simple enough. In the first place we have been told repeatedly that one of the fundamental requirements of chelaship is chastity. We also have H. P. Blavatsky's statements in the *Secret Doctrine* where she says that no initiate is ever married, and seems to accept as a foregone conclusion the fact that if a person is married, it proves he is not an initiate.

All this evidence, but it is not proof that the state of marriage is incompatible with the highest spiritual attainment.

We should remember when considering this subject, that "the highest spiritual attainment" is very different from chelaship, and that even chelaship is a much more ambitious state than most of us can try to reach with profit or hope of success in this life.

REVIEWS.

The English Theosophist for July gives the programme for the fifth annual convention of the Theosophical Society in England, to be held at New Castle-on-Tyne, August 7th. In the editorial notes Mr. Birt makes some pertinent remarks upon the real value of such meetings, and briefly reviews what should have been gained by the T. S. from the experience of the past year. He devotes the remainder of his space to the discussion of a remarkable proposal that appeared in *Light* that Theosophists give up the "cumberous and fearfully puzzling notion" of Reincarnation and join with the Spiritualists in accounting for such phenomena as the precocity of genius by a "sort of possession" theory. There is a reprint of one of the Bryan Kinnavan stories from the *Path* and other articles, the chief of which is called "Art and Life," reviewing Tolstoi's *What is Art*. (M.)

Lotusblüthen (German) for July, continues the paper on Freemasonry, and the rhythmic translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*. These, with an article on Goethe's *Faust* and the usual notes complete the issue. (M.)

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Secret Doctrine, (Vols. I, II and Index), *H. P. Blavatsky*,	$12.50
Key to Theosophy, *H. P. Blavatsky*	2.00
Studies in Occultism, *H. P. Blavatsky*, (6 Vols. at 35 cents)	1.50
The Ocean of Theosophy, *W. Q. Judge*, paper 25 cents ; cloth	.50
Bhagavad Gita, trs. by *W. Q. Judge*, leather	.75
Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, trs. by *W. Q. Judge*, morocco	1.00
Echoes from the Orient, *W. Q. Judge*	.50
Letters That Have Helped Me, *W. Q. Judge*, (compiled by Jasper Niemand)	.50
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Lectures on the Bhagavad Gita, *T. Subba Row*	.75
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Civilization, its Cause and Cure, *Ed. Carpenter*	1.00
The English Theosophist, *Edited by W. A. Bulmer*, per copy .05, per annum	.50
The Theosophical Forum, per copy .10, per annum	1.00
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Priest and People (Some Modern Failings), *Che-Yew-Tsang.*	.10
Brotherhood, *E. T. Hargrove*	.05
Short Glossary of Theosophical Terms	.05
The Necessity for Reincarnation, a tract, 2c. each or 100 for	1.50

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3d. The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man.

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